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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 30th MARCH, 1889.

(REGISTERED.)

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MISS EUGÉNIE TESSIER.

THE BLIND SONGSTRESS.

From a photo. by Notman.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

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30th MARCH, 1889.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING  
COMPANY.

The following notice has been published in the  
*Canada Gazette*:—

Public notice is hereby given that Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.; Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator; Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners; Richard B. Angus, Director Canadian Pacific Railway; Hugh McLennan, forwarder; Andrew Allan, forwarder; Adam Skaife, merchant; Edward W. Parker, clerk; Dame Lucy Ann Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats; Geo. Edward Desbarats, A.B., LL.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the City of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the City of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the City of Brandon and Province of Manitoba,—being all British subjects and residents of the Dominion of Canada,—will apply to the Governor General in Council for letters patent of incorporation under the provisions of "The Companies Act," 40 Vict. cap. 43.

The proposed corporate name of the company is: "The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company, Limited."

The purpose of the company is engraving, printing and publishing.

The chief place of business of the company is to be Montreal.

The proposed amount of its capital stock is fifty thousand dollars. The number of shares is five hundred, and the amount of each share one hundred dollars.

The first or provisional directors of the company will be Sir Donald A. Smith, Hon. George A. Drummond, Andrew Robertson, Richard B. Angus, Sandford Fleming, George E. Desbarats, and William A. Desbarats, all of whom are residents of Canada.

Montreal, 4th March, 1889.

A few shares have been reserved for the Atlantic Provinces and British Columbia, as it is desired to have shareholders in every part of the Dominion. But early application will be necessary to secure these shares.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,  
Publishers,  
Montreal.

Our readers will rejoice to know that the veteran *littérateur*, Mr. J. Macpherson Le Moine, of Spencer Grange, Quebec, is occupied with the preparation of another volume, which will bear the suggestive and not uncharacteristic title of "Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F.Q.G.S." Mr. Le Moine's services in the elucidation of hitherto obscure or little touched points in our history have been widely and gratefully recognized, both at home and abroad, and whatever further he chooses to give us from his rich and multifarious stock of gathered lore is sure of a gracious reception.



Col. Fred. Grant, son of the late General and ex-President Grant, has been appointed United States Minister to Austria-Hungary.

The St. Helen's Island bridge scheme was condemned by the Government engineers on the ground that it would be prejudicial to the interests of Montreal.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria still grieve over the loss of the Crown Prince Rudolph. The condition of the Empress alarms and puzzles her physicians.

A deplorable accident occurred, last week, on the Intercolonial, by which four persons lost their lives. Several Montrealers were on the train, but happily escaped.

One of the largest pork packing firms in Boston assigned last week, with liabilities amounting to \$750,000. The establishment did a yearly business of \$8,000,000.

A portion of the British fleet has gone to Tangiers in connection with certain questions pending between the English Government and the Sultan of Morocco.

After some hot discussion, the motion to appoint a royal commission to enquire into certain charges of *L'Electeur* against the Ross-Taillon Government was withdrawn.

The verdicts rendered in some murder cases during the last few months have tended to shake the faith of the Canadian public in the efficiency of the jury system, as actually applied.

The Ontario Legislature will, it is expected, make a grant of money towards the entertainment of the American Institute of Mining Engineers on their visit to Ottawa during the coming summer.

Since the abdication of King Milan, Servia is in a state of threatening unrest. Russian influence is on the increase, and further complications are apprehended from the presence of ex-Queen Natalie.

The Chinese ambassador at Washington has intimated to the United States Government that the Pekin authorities will demand full indemnification for losses sustained by Chinese in the recent riots at Milwaukee.

Herr Tisza has not yet survived the odium of the army bill, young Hungary showing its wrath in ways that do it no credit. Patriotism (so called) and rowdiness have of late been associated with deplorable frequency.

A dying Confederate, in a soldiers' home at Richmond, Virginia, has been frightening nervous people with reminiscences of his experiences as a diver. The chief figures in his retrospect are two chained skeletons in the sunken Merrimac.

The destruction by fire of the Hess furniture factory, Toronto, caused a total loss of \$125,000, only a small portion of which was covered by insurance. It was one of the most finely equipped establishments of the kind in the Dominion.

St. Patrick's Day, though enthusiastically observed in both hemispheres, was, on the whole, unusually quiet. In Canada an untimely encounter with some Toronto Young Britons was the only exception to the prevailing tranquillity.

Toronto has been scandalized over an elopement. The offenders are J. C. Mussen, father of a family, and Miss Nellie Spanner. They both attended the same church, and became infatuated with each other while engaged in religious work.

The Imperial Parliament has passed the vote of \$52,500 in aid of crofter colonization in the Northwest and British Columbia. Opinion is, however, divided on the general question of state-aided emigration, and nothing definite has as yet been accomplished.

In conversation with a member of the Montreal press, a few days ago, Sir Charles Tupper said that, as the representative of all Canada with the people of the United Kingdom, he was most careful not to exhibit any bias to one or other of the political parties of the Dominion.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, has received the American mission to Paris. He would, it is said, have been sent to London, which he preferred, but that his steady advocacy of home rule for Ireland might have made him a *persona ingrata* to the Salisbury Government.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has intimated, in a letter to his constituents, that he thinks the time has come for the Government to propose some definite settlement of the Irish question. What he recommends is a fair and comprehensive measure of land purchase.

The *Globe's* change of attitude on the question of the Jesuits' Estates Act has disconcerted the party to which that journal has long been a mentor. Its conversion to disallowance the *Globe* assigns to the reasoning of the two legal organs of Ontario, which pronounced the measure unconstitutional.

The Pope's decision as to the distribution of the grant to the Society of Jesus gives that order \$160,000; Laval University, Quebec, \$100,000; the Montreal branch of that institution, \$40,000; \$20,000 to the Apostolic Prefect of Labrador, and \$10,000 to each of the eight bishops of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec.

The debate in the Dominion House of Commons on unrestricted reciprocity ended in the rejection of the policy by a majority of 44. It took place on Sir Richard Cartwright's amendment. The vote, 121 to 77, is said to have been the largest ever taken in the Commons of Canada—there being in the House at that time 201 members, out of a possible total of 215.

The return of the Duc d'Aumale to the land that he loves has given pleasure to all good men, has elicited no protest worth mentioning, and may altogether be deemed a favourable augury for France. The patriotism of the Duc d'Aumale is on a plane which neither Opportunism nor Bonapartism can expect to reach. The example nevertheless, may be of benefit to them both.

The ability of the British fleet to afford sufficient protection to all the scattered portions of the Empire has been questioned by Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Charles Beresford, R. N., and a number of other public men, some of them experts in matters of defence. The debates on the subject in Parliament—in view of the large naval vote demanded by the Admiralty—were more than usually vigorous, the present system being unsparingly criticized.

A petition from certain ladies of Montreal to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, asking for the privilege of attending lectures with a view



to entering on the practice of medicine, has brought out a variety of opinions on the subject of medical education for women. On one point all the doctors are agreed—that no provision of the kind can be made at McGill without a large endowment. Generally they are opposed to medical co-education.

The subject of sugar beet cultivation in this province has again been taken up in the Legislative Assembly. Mr. Beauchamp, of Two Mountains, did not approve of beet growing, with a view to sugar making, as an industry for Canadian farmers. It would not pay them, he said, to get \$4.50 or even \$5 a ton. The Hon. Col. Rhodes went further still and said that rather than sell sugar beets at even \$6 a ton, he would feed them to his cattle in the winter. Mr. Macintosh, of Compton, spoke in the same sense.

The Montreal Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in Canada passed a resolution in which, in view of the Governor-General having declined to intervene, the Queen in Council should be petitioned to annul the Jesuits' Estate Act. This resolution was wrongly based on Section 56 of the British North America Act, by which the Queen may disallow an act of the Dominion Parliament, within two years after the receipt of a copy of it by one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. The Section has no reference to Provincial acts, and the resolution, therefore, can have no effect.

### THE LAKE ST. JOHN REGION.

While attention is eagerly directed to the resources of the Northwest and its adaptedness for settlement, it ought not to be forgotten that in the older provinces also there are still large tracts of country that can be utilized for colonization. In the Province of Quebec the Lake St. John region, for instance, has, in the course of some thirty years, become the home of a large and thriving community. In his *Etudes sur la Colonisation du Bas-Canada*, M. Stanislas Drapeau gives a sketch of the district in the year 1863. From the first the settlers were a hardy, enterprising and persevering class of *habitants*, and their industry and push overcame obstacles that would have intimidated less strenuous and determined pioneers. The one great drawback which their unaided efforts could not remove was their isolation. Means of communication with the rest of the civilized world they naturally regarded as among the conditions of their emigration to the wilderness. The boon was long delayed, but patience was rewarded at last. In December the line from Roberval to Quebec was opened, and the result has been an impulse to progress of every kind. The little town just mentioned is 190 miles from the provincial capital, and is beautifully situated on an elevation overlooking the lake. Its position as terminus of the main line gives it a certain predominance, and it has advanced apace during the last few months. A spacious hotel (well kept by Mr. Baker, formerly of the Windsor here); a large foundry and machine shop; a steam saw mill (built by Messrs. Ross, of Quebec), with capacity to saw twenty million feet of lumber in the season; a new convent of Ursulines, costing \$30,000; a passenger steamer, with accommodation for 300 persons, in operation on the lake; a fine wharf and, probably, lighthouses and buoys, to ensure safety to navigation, are among the projected improvements. The impetus

has also extended to other places in the district. Chambord Junction, St. Jerome, St. Gedeon, Herbertville, St. Prime, St. Felicien, St. Bruno, St. Joseph d'Alma, and other villages, share in the prosperity which has been quickened by the advent of the railway. The lumbering operations of the region are on an extensive rate and give winter employment to thousands of men. The colonization to Lake St. John is now sure to be steady and to yield satisfaction, and before many years that long isolated, though always thrifty, community, will be one of the most important productive centres in the province. As a summer resort the attractions of the lake district have been well described by Mr. Arthur Buies, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruère, Mr. S. E. Dawson, and others.

### THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

In a recent article we gave a general survey of what had been accomplished in Canada in the way of provision for art education, using that term in its most comprehensive sense. The phase of that class of instruction in which we are, as a community, most practically interested is that which prepares our young men, by careful training, for the development of our national resources and the building up of our national industries. The necessity for commercial schools to fit young men for mercantile pursuits has long been recognized. The agricultural college is deemed essential for the promotion of farming according to the approved scientific methods of modern times. Without special courses of study it is impossible to practice medicine or law. The march of progress has tended to broaden the range of those pursuits which are worthy to be ranked as professional. Special knowledge is demanded for a variety of occupations which are of no less importance than those which have just been mentioned, and to be profitably applied to the desired end that knowledge must be acquired under qualified supervision and with the fullest opportunities for testing its utility. The arts of the chemist, the architect, the mineralogist, the engineer, the machinist—these and other vocations demanding special qualifications—cannot be learned without masters of thorough knowledge and experience. There was a time when persons competent to discharge the functions of some of the callings thus enumerated were extremely rare in this province, and, in many cases, those who had occasion for their services had to look beyond its limits for trustworthy men. Still more scarce were institutions where the superior and special education necessary for those engaging in the classes of work above indicated could be procured. This was more especially the case in the French-speaking section of our population. The want was keenly felt by several of our enterprising French-Canadian citizens, who could not help contrasting the abundant facilities, in this respect, enjoyed by France with the poverty that prevailed in her ancient colony. A movement was accordingly initiated for the purpose of supplying the lacuna. In 1869 the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, as Minister of Public Instruction, instituted a reserve fund to establish a school of applied science and technology. In 1873, under Mr. Chauveau's successor, the Hon. G. Ouimet, the "Scientific and Industrial School" was founded at Montreal. In 1876 the name was legally changed to that of "Polytechnic School." At the close of the session, 1876-77, the first diplomas

for engineering were granted to successful students.

The Polytechnic School, which owes much of its efficiency to Mr. U. E. Archambault, its principal, was modelled on the Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures of Paris. It thus comprised a thorough course in pure and applied mathematics; in drawing and construction; in physics and chemistry; in mineralogy and mining; in theoretical and applied mechanics; in hydraulics and steam engines; in topography and geodesy; in civil engineering and public works, cosmography, industrial economy and industrial legislation. The professors were selected for special learning and experience in their respective branches and for their aptitude as teachers. Their success is proved by the students turned out of the institution during the twelve, out of its fifteen, years of existence, in which it has been authorized to grant diplomas. Some of those students occupy important positions of high responsibility in the Government offices, in railway companies, in connection with mining enterprises or the great industrial establishments that have grown up during the last decade or so. In the year 1887 the Polytechnic School, after an independent career of fourteen years, under the Roman Catholic Board of School Commissioners, was affiliated with Laval University, of whose Arts Faculty it is now one of the departments. It still retains its name and character as a special school, but, in addition to the opportunities for special scientific and technical training which it formerly possessed, it has now the privilege and prestige of granting its diplomas in the name and under the auspices of one of our great provincial universities.

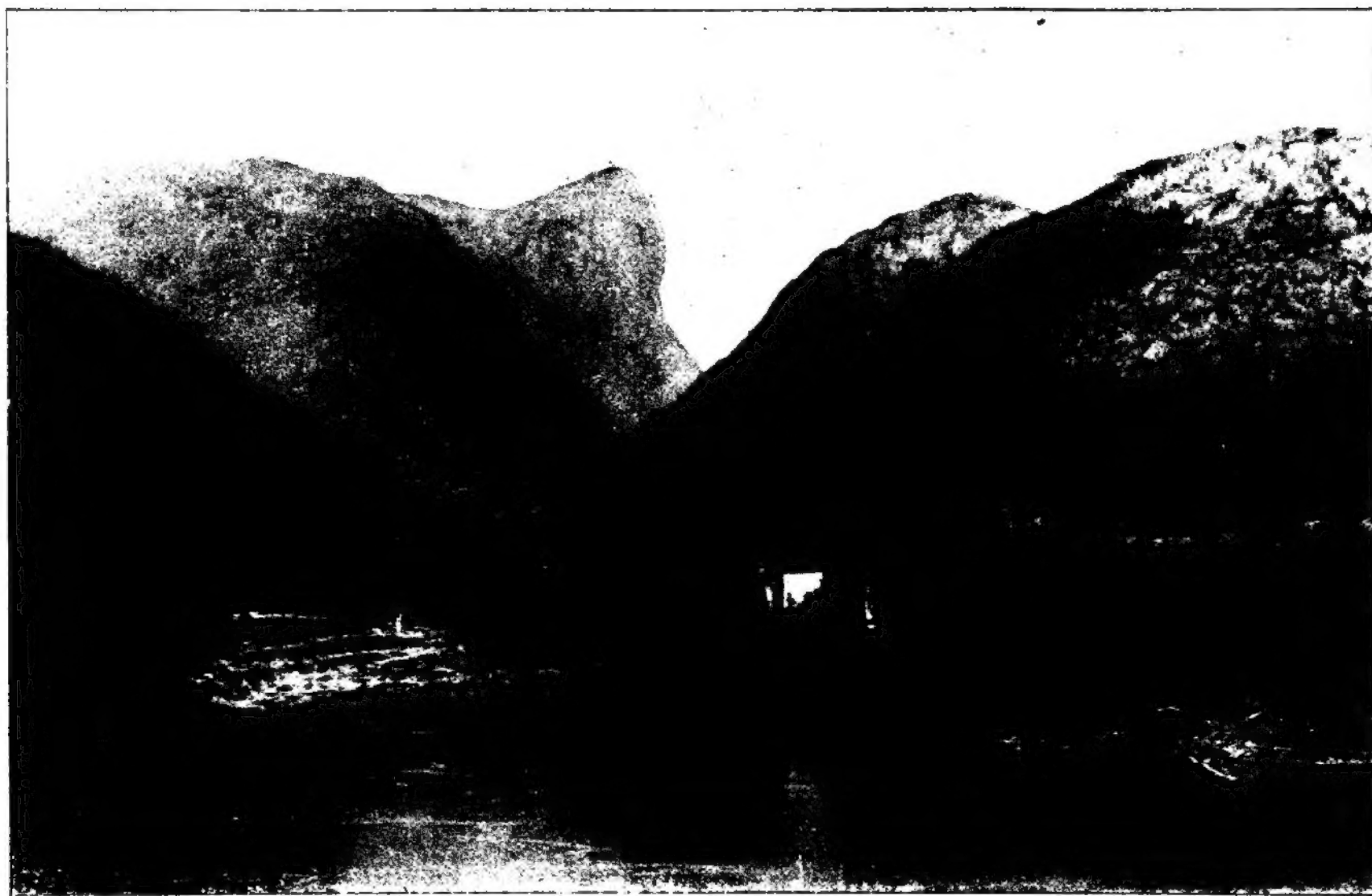
### LITERARY NOTES.

We understand that Mr. Lighthall's volume on the Singers of the Great Dominion, in Mr. Walter Scott's series of Canterbury Poets, will shortly be in the hands of the public. A large circulation may be looked for as well in England as in Canada. Mr. Douglas Sladen is also preparing an anthology of the younger poets of America, in which Canada will not be unrepresented. A third collection of that kind recently appeared in Philadelphia, in which Miss Mary Morgan and Mr. Lighthall stood up for the honour of Canada.

The admirable series of "Canadian Poets," now in course of publication in the *King's College Record*, under the general supervision of Mr. Goodridge Roberts, brother of Prof. Roberts, the author of "Orion" and "In Divers Tones," treats in its last instalment of Col. John Hunter Duvar and the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The criticism of the former writer's works is from the pen of Mr. J. A. Payzant; that of McGee's poems bears the signature of "Felix." The series is, we understand, to be published in book form. The *Record* is a worthy representative of our oldest university. *Macte novâ virtute, puer!*

The Marquis of Lorne has consented to make the final selection for the Dominion prize from the fortunate essays selected from the various provinces in the *Witness* competition. Mr. S. E. Dawson will be judge for Newfoundland, Manitoba and British Columbia; Dr. A. A. Stockton, of St. John, for New Brunswick; Judge Alley, of the County Court, Queen's, in that Province, for Prince Edward Island; Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec, for this Province, and Mr. William Houston, M.A., Librarian of the Legislature, for Ontario. These prizes, \$1,200 in all, must have a good effect in stimulating both the patriotic spirit and the literary aspiration of our young people.

We have to thank Mr. Phileas Gagnon, of Quebec, for copies of *L'Union Liérale*, containing a series of articles from his pen, under the general heading of "Pierre Roubaud." The story there related, with *pièces justificatives* in the shape of correspondence, is of considerable historical interest, covering a period extending from the capture of Quebec until the years of Haldimand's administration. Roubaud's career is not without features of romance. He was a born intriguer. Yet his early services as a Jesuit missionary seem to have been free from reproach. His sphere of labour was among the Abenakis, and he acquired much influence among his Indian disciples. He accompanied Montcalm, as chaplain, on the expedition against Fort George, in 1757, of which he has left a somewhat detailed account. His later life—which closed in obscurity—was marked by many shifts and pretences, revealing much ability but a total disregard of principle and consistency.



LE PETIT SAGUENAY, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

From a photograph by Livernois, Quebec.



OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Soule, Guelph.





MORNING PRAYERS.

By E. Munier.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.





**MADemoiselle Eugénie Tessier.**—Canada has produced one world-famed singer. Little Emma Lajeunesse, whose brilliant feats with her early tutored voice were, a quarter of a century ago, surprising and delighting the friends of her widowed father, has developed into one of "first ladies" among the lyric artists of our time. Her career has proved that no one who is gifted by nature with a sweet, strong, sensitive and versatile voice, need despair of obtaining due recognition of her musical merits, if the innate endowment be worthily directed, by timely training and the discipline of the best masters, to the attainment of the highest results of which it is capable. One thing, however, is essentially necessary at the outset of such a progress. The aspirant must have the approval and encouragement of "those who know," of those who are fitted by gift, knowledge and experience to pronounce judgment on the singer's performance and capability. Without that sanction the path of the *débutante* is encumbered with obstacles which it is practically impossible to surmount. If the withholding of such sanction be based on a just estimate of the singer's powers, the case is, of course, hopeless. If it be refused, through misapprehension or through jealousy, the effect on the public would be most injurious to the singer. Where it is given freely and at the same time deliberately, and where the critic occupies the very highest rank in the profession, the future of the fortunate applicant may be deemed assured. Such just now is the position of Mademoiselle Tessier. During Madame Albani's late visit to Montreal, the *diva* was waited upon by Miss Tessier, accompanied by her mother, brother and a few intimate friends of the family. After an exchange of courtesies, the *prima donna* asked her young visitor to favour her with a piece of music. Mademoiselle Tessier sang Massenet's "Alleluia du Ciel," and, after an interval of conversation, Faure's "Stella." The elder cantatrice did not hesitate to express the utmost satisfaction at the manner in which the young singer had acquitted herself. There were present at the same time Mr. Barrington Foote, the basso of the Albani Company; the Rev. Mr. Lajeunesse, brother of Madame Albani; Mr. Henry Robinson, organist of St. Paul's church; Mr. J. Tessier, who accompanied his sister, and Signor Bevignani, musical conductor of the company and widower of the late Madame Titiens. Subsequently Madame Albani wrote a letter to Miss Tessier, which we have pleasure in reproducing. It was as follows:

(Translation).

WINDSOR HOTEL, Jan. 30th, 1889.

DEAR MISS TESSIER,—I cannot leave Montreal without telling you how much I have been impressed by your charming talent, that is, your voice, so sympathetic and so sweet. I wish you every success—which you merit—success which you will most certainly meet with in the pursuance of your studies. I learn that you are going to give a farewell concert in the spring time. Please add thereto the enclosed small sum as a souvenir of your visit to your countrywoman.

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

E. ALBANI-GYE.

On Monday, the 1st of April, the Tessier Testimonial Concert will take place at the Queen's Hall, under Madame Albani's patronage—the great Canadian *prima donna* thus giving the Canadian *débutante* the influence of her name and her personal sympathy. That the attendance will be worthy of such an occasion we do not doubt. But there is an element of pathos as well as of pride in the contemplation of the relations between these two gifted daughters of Canada and of song. Miss Tessier is blind. The daughter of the late Léandre Tessier, Mr. Black's predecessor as City Treasurer, she was born on the 30th of May, 1868. Twelve days after her birth she lost the use of her eyes. Like Emma Lajeunesse, she gave evidence of extraordinary vocal powers at an extremely early age. Before her second year, she could sing several children's songs, in French and English. At three she sang pieces from "Faust" and "Il Trovatore." At six she was placed in the Nazareth Asylum for the Blind, where she studied till she was eighteen. She was taught harmony by Prof. Letondal, blind like herself, and took some lessons from the accomplished teacher, Mr. Wiallard. She is anxious to take a course at the Conservatory of Music in Boston, so as to prepare herself for oratorio, in which she has already shown strong signs of promise. It is to be hoped that she will receive from the music-loving public the support of which, apart from her infirmity, she is deserving.

**LE PETIT SAGUENAY.**—The County of Chicoutimi is larger than some kingdoms. The domain of that central feature which it shares with its eastern neighbour, and of which the latter has the prestige of bearing the name, was long known and is still occasionally designated as "Le Royaume du Saguenay." Chicoutimi comprises the source and most of the countless affluents of that giant tributary of the St. Lawrence. The County of Saguenay has, however, the honour of bringing the mighty vassal into the presence of the mightier suzerain. Both rivers have furnished a title to one of the best known compositions of our greatest poets. There is no part of Canada, indeed, more calculated both by its history and by its scenery to impress the poetic imagination than that region whose watery highway is guarded by the Tadoussac. In some respects it was better known under the old regime than (at least, until comparatively recent years) under British rule. Topographical descriptions of

the mouth of the river are extant in the works of Champlain and the occupation of the district by the Jesuit missionaries antedates the foundation of Montreal. As a centre of the lumber industry started by the late Hon. William Price, with whose family it is still associated, it rose to importance before the first quarter of this century had closed. A movement in the direction of colonization began about fifty years ago and resulted in the establishment of now thriving communities, both along the river and around Lake St. John. After long solicitation, those settlements, which had suffered from an isolation that during parts of the year cut them off entirely from the outer world, succeeded in obtaining railway communication. The future of the region may now be considered assured. When, some years ago, the subject of artificial fish culture was forced upon the attention of the authorities by the decreased yield of certain fisheries, the rivers flowing into the Saguenay were selected for the distribution of the fecundated eggs. Among the streams thus stocked was Le Petit Saguenay, a southern tributary of the great river. It debouches in the County of Chicoutimi, but its main course is in Saguenay county. It is noted as a fishing stream, and the country through which it passes also yields various game. The population is sparse as yet, but the scenery has many attractions for lovers of nature. The view which we publish in this issue (from a photograph by Livernois, of Quebec), is a good illustration of a type of landscape that abounds in the region of the Lower Saguenay.

**OSGOODE HALL.**—As far as Canada is concerned, the well known edifice in Toronto, a sketch of which is given in the present issue, is almost as well known as the great temples of justice in Great Britain and the United States. The structure itself is of fine architectural proportions and is, in every way, fitted to accommodate the superior courts of the most important province in the Dominion. The outward appearance of Osgoode Hall is stately and imposing, being one of the finest structures in the city, while internally it is so disposed and appointed as to increase—may it be termed?—the awe of the individual whose frequent visits have not given him what might possibly be termed undue familiarity. The conduct of the Ontario Courts is based upon that which obtains in Great Britain, the Ontario law and practice, unlike our own, not having been much influenced by those of France. Many of Canada's brightest legal luminaries have either practised in or presided over the courts which have here their headquarters. Indeed, as far as the term may be made use of to anything in this country, this is, in every sense, classic ground. Osgoode Hall was named in honour of Hon. William Osgoode, the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada. It was designed by Mr. W. G. Storm. The grounds in which the Hall stands are on Queen Street, and extend from Chestnut to University Streets. It is the property of the Law Society, which was incorporated in 1747. The east wing was begun in 1829, but was not completed until 1839, and, on February 6th, the first convention of Benchers was held within its walls. In 1845 the west wing was completed, as well as the connecting range, with the surmounting dome. Ten years after the central structure was remodelled, and during the next four years a handsome facade, in cut stone, was reared, the dome being removed. In 1859 the building was completed, and is an ornament to the city and to the legal profession. As it now stands, indeed, the Toronto Temple of Themis would confer additional grace upon any city in the world. Scadding's "Toronto Past and Present," from which we summarize the above, remarks: "As a Toronto architect said in a local newspaper, the Society of Osgoode Hall may deem itself fortunate in having built in less competitive days, when there were not so many draughtsmen and architects sown broadcast through the country as now, importuning people to give them a job and to give them a chance of destroying a noble art in endeavouring, at their expense, to learn their business by disfiguring nature with crude, misshapen and ill-constructed buildings." In Osgoode Hall the law students are examined in their several years, and finally as to their fitness to practise at the Bar and as attorneys respectively.

**MORNING PRAYER.**—The attitude and expression of the sisters in this charming picture sufficiently reveal the artist's motive. We are reminded of the old Ambrosian hymn:

Jam, lucis orto sidere,  
Deum precemur supplices,  
Ut in diurnis actibus  
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Or in English:

Now that the daylight fills the sky,  
We lift our hands to God on high,  
That He, in all we do or say,  
May keep us free from harm to-day.

**LAKE ST. JOSEPH, NEAR TILSONBURG, ONT.**—Our readers are not likely to confound this name with that of Lake Joseph, when they remember that the body of water so called is part of the Muskoka chain, whereas Tilsonburg is not very far from the shores of Lake Erie. The lakelet, which lies about a Sabbath day's journey from that town, of whose beauty the reader may judge by our engravings, was formerly called Tilson's Pond. It received its new designation not from its connection with any legend of hagiology, but in honour of a venerable benefactor of the neighbouring town, the late Joseph Van Norman. On his 90th birthday, that gentleman, accompanied by several friends, made a trip up the Otter on a tiny steamer, the "Baby Guy," and the nonagenarian so enjoyed his outing and the loveliness of Nature's work, that the proposal to rechristen the pond after him met with unanimous acceptance. Lake St. Joseph is about five miles long and is charmingly

situated amid a profusion of all that pleases the eye. Of the two glimpses of it that the artist has given us, the one with the sloping pasture and grazing cattle shows very effectively its general character and surroundings. The other is suggestive of the uses that are made of it for picnics and camping parties. The lake and the creeks flowing into and out of it are well stocked with fish, and the woods with game. To the people of Tilsonburg it is a favourite summer resort.

**ON BIG OTTER CREEK.**—The river which gives its name to this picture is, as our readers are aware, not merely a capital mill stream, but an essential feature of the scenery in one of the loveliest portions of what has been termed the "garden of Canada." Taking its rise not far from London, Big Otter Creek, after a devious course, enters Lake Erie at Port Burwell. Tilsonburg is situated on the river, as it makes an arc through the southwestern corner of Oxford county about sixteen miles from its mouth. In the early years of Upper Canada, the district thus watered was rich in pine and lumbering formed the staple industry, the logs being floated down the creek to Port Burwell. Tilsonburg is now a thriving town, on the line of the Canada Southern, about thirty-five miles from Brantford. Broadway, the chief street, is lined with places of business. Some manufacturing is also carried on, and the leading men display abundant enterprise. The residence of one of them, Mr. John Smith, is seen in one of the engravings. His hospitable home is a frequent rendezvous for picnickers.

**CATTLE AT REST.**—This scene of calm enjoyment in the wooded pasture land that fringes the Otter shows to what purpose a photographer who can discriminate the picturesque from the commonplace, and can promptly seize opportunities, may turn his art. It is a scene from which we would be slow to withdraw if we happened to pass that way. If we had any skill in draughtsmanship we would not leave till we had secured enough of outline to recall the position, pose and gentle faces of each individual of that amiable, generous, contented sisterhood. But, lo! in a moment, *in actu oculi*, the whole scene, with its anodyne suggestiveness, is fixed and perpetuated. *Servavi Apolline.*

**THE "UISGE BAU" AND "STAR FALLS," BADDECK, VICTORIA CO., CAPE BRETON, N.S.**—In spite of, or thanks to, Mr. Dudley Warner, the scenery for seeing which the capital of Vancouver County, Cape Breton, is the best starting point, attracts more and more every year the admiration of crowds of visitors. "From Baddeck to St. Anne's Bay, thence to Cape North, over moor and mountain, through forests dim and silent, over morasses and dreary wastes, is a route becoming popular with the lovers of adventure when moose and caribou are sought, or when the angler is anxious to venture beyond the beaten round. No ride could be desired more beautiful or satisfying to the eye than that around St. Anne's Bay. This harbour is a possible competitor for the advantages of being the point where trains and swift steamers shall meet when the 'Short Route' shall have been established. Great ships can be so close to the lofty cliffs that water may be conveyed into the ship by hose from the rocky bed of the torrent. The French came here more than two hundred and fifty years ago, took possession of the bay and gave it the name that still clings to it. They left it in favour of Louisbourg." That is, indeed, the main charm that Cape Breton has for those whose heritage it is so delightful a portion. It can not only point to the loveliness and grandeur of its landscapes and sea views, it has also reason to glory in an historic past, which adds to every scene the allurements of association with great men and their thoughts and deeds. The specimen of Cape Breton scenery which we present to our readers today are both in the immediate neighbourhood of Baddeck. The "Uisge Bau" (whose name, meaning "White Water," bears testimony to the race of the early settlers) is a waterfall about nine miles from the town. The "Star Falls" are on the same brook somewhat higher up. These views of scenes which have attracted hundreds of tourists from the States and Canada, are from photographs by Watson of Baddeck.

**THE INUNDATION OF THE SEINE.**—Ordinarily the rising of the River Seine are not regarded by the people of Paris as others than matters of course, which come and go, however inevitable, must be made the best of. This year, however, it was not so much a question of the drowning out of cellars and the flooding of lower flats; but the Exhibition Building and other structures near the Quai d'Orsay were in danger, owing to the extraordinary height of the flood, for several days, in fact, they were transformed into veritable floating islands. Near the "Esplanade des Invalides" the Department of Hydropathy, which had just been commenced upon the beach, was submerged to the height of the first storey of woodwork. Further on, the building which Spain had lately reared was invaded by the waters to the height of the window sills, and the workmen were obliged to continue their operations in the upper storeys, to which they had been driven. Alongside the Spanish department, the Portuguese section was very much flooded. Moreover, the food products' building was completely surrounded by water, and all the cellars, devoted to the storage and display of wines, formed a regular channel for the stream. The Chamber of Commerce building the floors were under water, but it was possible to work in the upper portions. The Transatlantic panorama would have been most seriously damaged had the Seine risen a few inches higher. The Civil Engineers' and Navigation departments, which are alongside, were also visited by the flood, while as for the immense iron vat belonging to the International Petroleum, it was completely covered. The Seine fortunately





## Editor's Table.

The latest of the "Great Men" series, edited by Prof. Eric Robertson, are the two volumes on J. S. Mill and Frederick Schiller. The "Life of Mill" has the guarantee of Mr. W. L. Courtney's reputation for accuracy of statement, clearness and vigour of style. Nothing in the way of research into original documents was to be looked for, as Dr. Bain's Biography of James Mill and Criticism of his more famous son, had pretty well exhausted all such material. For the character of the man his own "Autobiography" must remain one of the main sources of knowledge. Mr. Courtney brings the two Mills into sharp contrast, and shows in what way the educational system of the elder man was a benefit, in what a drawback, to the younger. He found much that was valuable in the "Journal and Letters" of Caroline Fox, and consulted with advantage Mr. Minto's article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and Mr. Morley's contributions on the same theme to the *Fortnightly Review*. An important addition to our knowledge of Mill's parliamentary career is furnished by a letter from Mr. Gladstone. That great statesman would be able to appreciate Mill's ideas on political reform, but into the *sanctum sanctorum* of his religious convictions he would find it difficult to enter. Mill's standpoint was, indeed, *sui generis*. What stability it has lies in his conception of duty and the stress he puts upon it as a social force. "But," writes Mr. Courtney, "as we found that Mills' utilitarianism was considerably embarrassed by the want of any clear conception of what happiness is, so his discussion of the present subject is hampered by a similar obscurity in his conception of religion." The book contains in a small space a great deal that is worth knowing concerning one of the most extraordinary minds of his own or any age. The index, calendar and bibliography (this last, as usual, by Mr. John P. Anderson, of the British Museum), add considerably to its value.

If we were not justified in expecting very much that was new concerning John Stuart Mill, still less reasonable would such expectation be in the case of Schiller. Nevertheless, much depends on the point of view, and certainly staleness is not a characteristic of Mr. Nevinson's book. It is a volume from which the student of literature may obtain wholesome suggestion and occasionally wise guidance. There is much in it that derives significance from the great anniversary, so variously regarded, of the present year. Schiller was accepted, especially after the appearance of "The Robbers," as one of the inspired apostles of the new era of human liberty and progress. He was just thirty in that *annus mirabilis* for France and Europe, 1789, and in August, 1792, his name figured in a list of foreign candidates for French citizenship on the ground of his services in the cause of freedom. Whoever put it down (it is said to have been Anacharsis Clootz) cannot have been very intimately acquainted with the young poet or his works, if we may judge by the spelling. "Gilleers" for "Schiller" is even worse than "Heavysides" for the author of "Saul," which is extant in a published lecture on Canadian literature. The "enthusiasm of humanity" did not, however, lessen Schiller's native aversion to any close contact with the *profanum vulgus*. "Though he has had the fortune," said Goethe to Eckermann, "to pass for a special friend of the people, he was in reality far more of an aristocrat than I." In that respect, however, he was not alone, and, Mr. Nevinson thinks, the apparent contradiction need not surprise those who have known "so many true champions of the people who have preferred to carry on the contest at a comfortable distance from their clients." Schiller's lack of sympathy with ordinary people was, Mr. Nevinson adds, "the price he paid for the elevation and tension of a mind occupied habitually with interests remote from the common world." As to his

intellectual range the biographer says: "Though his mind never attained the grandeur of Goethe's, nor the keen temper of Lessing's, he was, in all essential points, as sane as either; and though he had no touch of Jean Paul's extravagant humour, nor of his loving pity for things of low estate, he was at bottom as simple and warm-hearted. After his marriage his family life presents a picture of unselfishness and peace too rare in the biographies of men of letters." Mr. Anderson's bibliography of Schiller will be as welcome as it is comprehensive and careful.

The unceasing stream of fiction has brought to our table a volume of tales by Julian Hawthorne. The titles are "Constance" and "Calbot's Rival." They are both highly spiced with that peculiar phase of the horrible which is associated with the exercise of demoniac influence. The utter improbability—not to say impossibility—of the scenes described, which are out of harmony with the realities of daily life, robs such stories of any interest for common humanity.

Miss Edna Lyall has won deserved popularity by the clearness, truthfulness and vigour of her portrayals of character. Whether she takes her hero from some stirring time in the centuries that are gone, or chooses him from the "living present," she has always that creative touch which gives life and thought and movement. "In the Golden Days," which has Algernon Sidney for its central figure, is one of the best historical romances of the day. "Donovan"—the first of her creations that we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with—could not fail to win the sympathies of any healthy reader. "Knight Errant" and "Won by Waiting" are also marked by her characteristic merits. But of all her books there is none that we prefer to "We Two." It is original, interesting, wholesome, and has enough of plot and incident to keep the reader's attention awake till he shares the hero's and the heroine's supreme contentment at the close. Both these last works form part of Appleton's "Town and Country Library."

## MILITIA NOTES.

News comes from Toronto that A company, of the Royal Grenadiers, wants to challenge any other company in Canada to a team rifle match. Montreal might supply some very fair company teams should A company come out with its challenge.

The city corps throughout Canada are tackling the new drill books, getting ready for their spring drill. Some old hands find it harder to forget the old ways than to learn the new, and, doubtless, the "mark-times," while the instructing officer is figuring out his next commands, will be more frequent and prolonged than of yore.

Several Ontario corps—the Queen's Own and 10th Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto; the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, and the Dufferin Rifles, of Brantford—have been petitioning the Government for transport and subsistence allowance, to enable them to form a camp, on Niagara Common, for four days, to perfect themselves in the new infantry drill. The men are willing to give their time for nothing, if the Government would pay transport and subsistence. The amount required would be about \$3,500. Though reasonable enough, the petition will probably not be granted on account of the expense.

At the annual meeting of the Council of the Ontario Rifle Association, on Saturday, 16th inst., at Toronto, Col. Gzowski proposed, that, in order to bring out the rank and file of the force to their prize meetings, a special match be fired, open to teams of eight men, from each battalion in Ontario, the teams to be composed of men who had never fired in any match previous to the annual matches in August; the attendance of such a team to be made obligatory by the Government who would pay the transport expenses. Col. Gzowski offered to contribute half of a \$100 prize for such a competition. This suggestion was received with much favour, and is one which might well be taken up by the other Provincial Rifle Associations.

The annual report on the Regiment of Canadian Artillery shows that from a total strength of 25 officers and 367 non-commissioned officers and gunners, there were 97 desertions in the year. The commanders of the different schools seem to attribute this very large percentage mainly to the fact that, owing to the very small number of men in each different battery, the fatigues are very onerous; the daily routine of barrack duties of one corps—the Royal School of Cavalry, in Quebec—having actually prevented the men from going through their annual target practice. An increase in the number of men allowed each company is strongly urged by almost all the commanders of the different schools, as, without a great increase of expenditure, it would materially improve the efficiency of the force.

commenced to subside and the Exposition did not seriously suffer. For some days, however, it was noticed that the scaffolding which had been reared for the repairs to "le Pont d'Arcole" had been seriously shaken by the water, and a number of poles and planks were carried away. On Monday morning (February 25th) this enormous piece of scaffold work was completely swept off, falling with a terrible crash. Our illustration, from a photograph taken at the Hotel de Ville, shows what has been left of that immense piece of scaffolding.

**LOADING FISH FOR MARKET.**—Our sketch presents a scene highly characteristic of St. John's, Nfld., and Harbor Grace. The Banks and the Fisheries of Newfoundland are expressions of which no one can be ignorant. In a recent issue was presented a fishing sketch near Gaspé. There the fish were being handled and put in pickle. Now we take the reader to St. John's, Nfld., and give an idea of how the fish are handled during the process of being placed on ship-board. There are two descriptions of pickled codfish, the dry and the green. The latter are packed in barrels in brine, the former being bundled up in quintals of 112 pounds. In order to give the dry fish the best possible appearance, it is loaded only on fine, bright days, as the least fog or atmospheric dampness darkens the fish and detracts from its quality and value. The large and small merchantable fish are considered to be the best, other grades being reckoned as cullage. It may be mentioned that seldom does anything reach Canada which is not of this inferior quality, no matter how it may be classed by the dealer. On fine, bright days all is hurry and bustle among the Newfoundland fishermen, and, as is shown in the engraving, every available spot is covered with the damp fish, which is spread out to dry and in order that it may obtain a bright, crisp appearance. What is termed the merchantable quality is very white, hard and dry. The weighing operation is clearly depicted. Each handbarrow holds exactly two quintals, or 224 pounds, and, when the fish is loaded in bulk, the contents, as rapidly as they are made up, are carried on board and dumped into the hold, the men and boys engaged for the purpose quickly disposing of it, placing it in layers, back up. Ordinarily, from 2,000 to 5,000 quintals are thus shipped in one cargo to Spain and Portugal, while that for Brazil, being of inferior quality and broken, is packed in drums or small casks.

## THE HOROSCOPE.

FROM FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Two sisters there—whose arms were interlaced—  
Stood to consult a fortune-telling hag:  
While she, with wrinkled fingers slowly placed  
The fatal cards upon an outspread rag.  
Brunette and blonde, both fresh as morning's hour—  
A poppy brown, a white anemone—  
One, like a May-bud; one, an Autumn flower;  
Both yearned alike their destiny to see.  
"Sorrow, alas! my child, thy life must fill,"  
The old witch murmured to the proud brunette:  
The girl enquired: "But will he love me still?"  
"Yes," "Then I care not—life is happy yet."  
"Thou wilt not own thy lover's heart, sweet maid!"  
This to the second sister, white as snow:  
"But shall I love him?" tearfully she said—  
"Yes," "That is bliss enough for me to know."

GEO. MURRAY.

We are glad to see that the *Educational Record* of the Province of Quebec finds room for articles on literary subjects. The editor, Dr. J. M. Harper, is himself a man of letters as well as a distinguished educationist. He held for many years the important position of Rector of the Quebec High School, and, while thus engaged, he was ever among the first to give a helping hand to the literary movement in the provincial capital. He took an active interest in the work of the Literary and Historical Society, for which he lectured more than once, and of which he was a delegate to the Royal Society of Canada. His present position of Inspector of Superior Schools and editor of the *Record* gives him extended opportunities for lending encouragement to the cause of letters.

The March issue of the *Canada Educational Monthly* is, in many respects, of exceptional interest. It contains a calm and well-reasoned explanation, by Sir Daniel Wilson, of the position that he has taken on the question of "English at Junior Matriculation"—an article which college and professional examiners would do well to study and profit by. From the pen of "Fidelis" (Miss Machar) we have an excellent historical sketch of Queen's University, showing what it has done for Canada in the past. The "Eskimos, their Habits and Customs," by W. A. Ashe, F.R.S.—a paper of much interest to ethnologists—is concluded. Mr. W. H. C. Kerr, who is no stranger to our readers, gives a Greek translation of "Jesus, lover of my soul," which is a credit to Canadian scholarship. The Rev. Professor W. Clark has an article on "Books and Reading," characterized by sense and taste and manifold suggestiveness. "A known and highly esteemed public man, tells of his journey to Santa Barbara, and what he saw by the way and at his destination. Altogether, a capital number. The publisher is Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan St., Toronto.

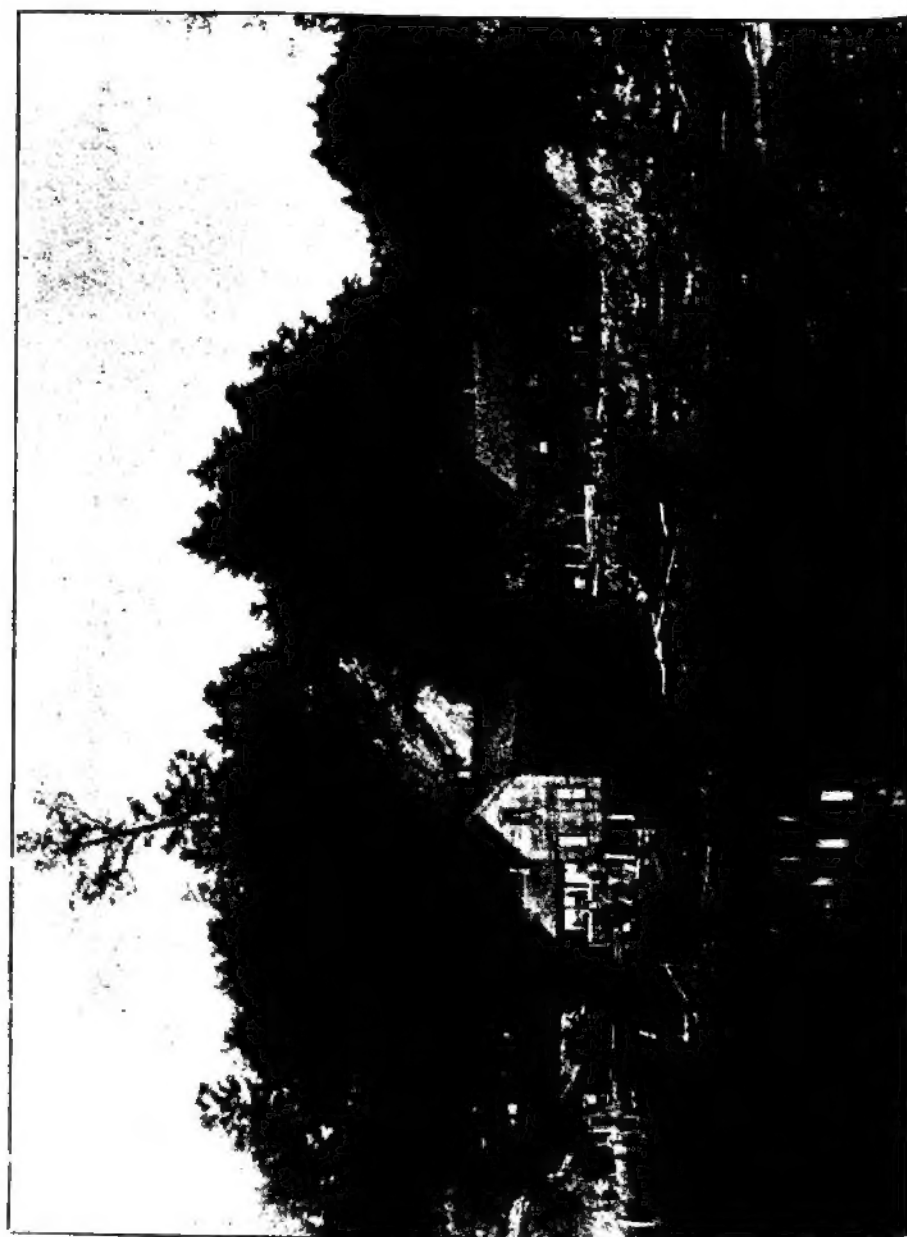


VIEWS NEAR TILSONBURG, ONT.

From photographs by F. Pollard



VIEWS ON LAKE ST. JOSEPH.



ON BIG OTTER CREEK.



"AT REST" ON THE BANKS OF THE OTTER.



STAR FALLS, BADDECK, C.B.  
From a photograph by Watson, Baddeck.



UISGE BAU FALLS, BADDECK, C.B.  
From a photograph by Watson, Baddeck.



## The Lady in Muslin.

The darkness of the night closely concealed whoever the noise-maker was, and I could distinguish no form of either man or animal. The rustling, too, was not repeated, and I began to fancy that the intruder could only be some bird in the hedge, when a flash of lightning, suddenly illuminating the whole country, showed me something moving up the garden—what I could not tell.

I rose—listened; not a sound broke the stillness. Flash after flash again lighted up the scene; but the moving thing was gone. In vain I watched and listened; all was silent, nothing appeared.

Half an hour passed—an hour. I began to think of returning to bed, when, in another flash, I saw something standing almost beneath my window. For an instant I fancied the form was like a human figure—the Indian!

The idea was too absurd. Whatever could a grave, dignified person like Zemide—the descendant, as he once informed me, of a line of Indian princes—want with mine host's hens or eggs? My fancy had deceived me. I was getting sleepy; perhaps I was having a preparatory dream.

Miss Owenson did not make her appearance the next morning; but she sent to Gaunt to ask how Cecile was, and invite us to join her in a walk to some ruins that she wished to sketch; we might bring our fishing apparatus, she wrote, as the river was close by.

The remembrance of that walk is still vivid in my mind. Margaret had resumed her high spirits; and the woods, as we passed through them, echoed with our mingled laughter. It was a bright sunny day, and our humour kept with the sun, unclouded. We were content to stoop to the enjoyment of a country walk; our mighty intellects deigned to wonder over flowers and bird's-nests; and if one of us attempted to get scientific and make clever remarks, the laughter and quizzing of the other two soon banished such attempts. What did we care about classes or species? or this system or that? It was the hand that held up the spray of flowers—the eyes that glowed over them—that constituted their beauty and their interest. The only drawback to our—at least, Gaunt's and my—entire pleasure was that we were one too many; but *who* should be banished?

We fished in the river, and Margaret took her sketch from the banks whilst we talked and flung our wit and repartees to our entire satisfaction and mutual admiration; and then we lunched. Margaret! Margaret! how could you have the conscience to laugh and talk as you did? How could you have the heart to listen, with downcast eyes and smiling lips, to those low-toned sentences Dick whispered so earnestly to you, when, as we got separated in one part of the wood, the stupid fellow thought I was out of sight and hearing?

Miss Owenson was very tired when we reached Hazeldean—so tired that she told us we should see her no more that evening; so tired that she grew quiet impatient, as Dick would stand talking just beneath the verandah of the inn, instead of allowing her to rush away as she wished across the garden (we had come through the inn to shorten the distance); she meant to go to bed the instant she had dined.—“No, certainly Dick mustn't go to visit her to-night; to-morrow, if he chose, he might visit her in the day, though. Good-bye.”

As she spoke the words, I noticed she threw a hasty glance up at the curtained window of the sick-room. At the same moment a hand was slowly drawing back the curtain and then Mrs. Marsh's thin, yellow face looked smilingly down on us. Even through the closed window I could see that the little old lady was fixing on Miss Owenson a glance, with the action of the head, which reminded me of an ugly little ferret.

“Good-bye,” again Margaret said, abruptly this time, wrenching her hand from Dick's; and, turning away, she walked swiftly down the garden, and was soon out of sight behind the shutters of the cottage.

We did not have the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Marsh again that day. There was a good piece to be acted at the theatre, and we hurried off, intending to dine at —, and probably pass the night there.

### XV.

#### WHO SHE IS!

L— was rather attractive that evening. We met a couple of college friends, and made, what Dick called, a night of it; such a night, that the sun of the next morning was shining very wakefully before we went to bed.

The consequence was that we breakfasted late, and our friends, looking in on us during the meal, delayed us so long that it was six o'clock p.m. when we reached Hazeldean.

On our parlour-table lay one of those queerly twisted notes, which were always so well received by us both, and which Gaunt immediately seized.

He had not time, however, to open it, before we heard the whisking sound of Mrs. Marsh's approach, and in another moment in came the little yellow lady with the important determined air of one who has something to say, and is resolved to say it.

She stopped short our polite enquiries respecting herself and Cecile, with a wave of her dry hand, and began.

“I did not expect this of you, Richard Gaunt,” in a tone in which solemnity was ludicrously mixed with reproach.

I don't know whether Dick's memory was affected in the same way as mine, but this address, joined with the consciousness of last night's dissipation, transported me some ten years back, when I was a would-be fast young man, but still subject to the vigilance of an acute pair of maternal eyes.

Dick looked inquiringly at Mrs. Marsh, and then, as if dimly conscious of what she intended to reproach him with, turned away with a muttered haughty word.

“Pray,” continued the old lady, in the same solemn tone, “will you kindly inform me of the reason of your intimacy with Mrs. Huntingdon, or, rather the person who calls herself by that name?”

“Mrs. Huntingdon?” Gaunt almost shouted “what the deuce do you mean? I never saw the woman in my life.”

“Stuff and nonsense! Don't make such a noise, Richard Gaunt, and don't try to deny a plain fact,” answered Mrs. Marsh, rubbing her hands contemptuously.

A light seemed suddenly to break on Dick's mind; he started up, seized the astonished old woman rather roughly by the arm, exclaiming, “Do you mean to say that that girl is Cecil Huntingdon's wife?”

(To be continued.)

### SOME SHORT POEMS OF MERIT.

Without going so far as Edgar Allen Poe in his essay, “The Poetic Principle,” and saying that no long poem can be a great poem, I make bold to express the opinion that the lyric is more fully charged with the life-blood of true poetry than any other class of poem. In the domain of literature, with so many gems of this character from which to choose, the chief difficulty lies in the *embarras de richesse*. I have always regarded Longfellow's “The Day is Done” as a very finished lyric, full of beauty, delicacy of expression and graceful *insouciance* of metre. It is so well known that I need not reproduce more than the opening and closing stanzas:

The day is done and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away.

Again, what could be more beautiful than the following lyric, from that gifted poet, Colonel McAlpine (Myles O'Reilly)? There is in it a

rythmic charm peculiar to itself. Everybody will recognize the fair form and beauty of “Jeanette”:

Oh! loosen the snood that you wear, Jeanette,  
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,  
For 't'is the world to me had no daintier sight  
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Jeanette,  
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;  
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your waist,  
'Twas a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed—  
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeanette,  
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet;  
But warmly and softly it loved to caress  
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,  
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jeanette,  
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,  
They were gray with that chasten'd tinge of the sky,  
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,  
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Jeanette,  
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,  
But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore  
The right to continue your slave evermore,  
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Jeanette,  
With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet;  
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,  
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone  
That cover your golden hair, my pet.

My last gem—for gem it undoubtedly is—is from Tennyson. No person will deny the merit of true poetry to this selection from the “Princess.” Its greatest merit is that it evades criticism. There is in it, as in all real poetry, something which no human mind can lay bare in words. It is the pulse of inspiration beating with divine measure. Reading it, we feel in our hearts an ethereal presence:

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on the sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under-world,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love and wild with all regret;  
O death in Life, the days that are no more.

As I have already stated, lyric gems are so numerous in literature that one might continue setting them for months and years. Such are Walter Savage Landor's “Rose Aylmer,” Fawcett's “The Old Beau,” Moore's “To Rosa,” and Mangan's “A Sigh.” Each of these charms with its beauty, imagination, brevity and finish. Nor is the heart of mankind exhausted. Day by day the world is dowered with new gifts of song.

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

THE HOPETOUN LIBRARY.—Another great library is about to follow in the wake of the Sunderland and the Gosford Libraries; that of Lord Hopetoun, which, for nearly a century, if not longer, has been known to be one of the best to the north of the Tweed, is to be brought to the hammer towards the end of the present month, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, of Wellington Street. The library is rich in *editioes principes* and early printed works in general, including a copy of the “Mazarin,” or “Gutenberg Latin Bible,” the first book known to have been printed with moveable metal types, a copy of “Balbi Catholicon,” printed by Gutenberg, in 1460, the *editio princeps* of Virgil, printed at Rome, in 1469, the first of Virgil, and first and second Petrarch, &c., printed by Albus, “Polifilo,” first Aldine edition, several illuminated manuscripts, an extensive collection of Scottish State papers, and a copy of “Les Statuts de l'Ordre de Saint Michel,” printed on vellum, and adorned with the arms of Henry II., and the device of Diane de Poitiers.—*Times*

## RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"A. B.," who is evidently a lady, if any confidence can be placed in handwriting, asks us if we have read "The Story of an African Farm," and directs our attention to the chapter headed "Lyndall," in that work. We have, accordingly, studied that chapter with some care, and have done our best to appreciate its drift and the justification of so passionate an outbreak. It is impossible not to sympathize with Lyndall's aspirations, impossible to hearken to her cry without feeling that there is something wrong somewhere. The tragedy of the passage, from Lyndall's standpoint, lies in the confession painfully wrung from her by her experience and her reading: "But what does it help? A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for room for the exercise of our powers—and then we go with the drove." The whole chapter is worth reading and, with thanks to "A. B." for placing it before us, we recommend its study to those who would get at the true inwardness of the appeal for emancipation. In the same connection we would mention Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's little volume, "Women and Men."

The last number of the *McGill University Gazette* has an able article on medical education for women, with special reference to this city. In the old world the battle over this as yet only partially settled problem was begun by a few enthusiastic and determined ladies. It was deemed a great victory when the Convocation of the University of London decided, in 1874, by a majority of 83 to 65, to do all in its power for the admission of women to its degrees. Then came a discussion as to the use that lady graduates would make of their knowledge and the guarantees of it—more especially in the departments of medicine and surgery. To Miss Jex-Blake fell the brunt of that conflict with traditional ideas. The *Gazette* gives the women's plea and the objections to it briefly and fairly, but leaves no room for doubt as to its leanings. The practical phase of the question is thus summed up: "The first and most preferable (solution) is the establishment of a separate medical college for women in connection with McGill, in every respect equal to that for men. This would require a large endowment, which McGill, whose pockets are but too scantily lined, is unable to furnish; unless, indeed, the money should come from an unexpected quarter. The second and most feasible plan is to have the lectures, with the exception of, perhaps, two subjects, in mixed classes, and the demonstrations separate; while the third, and one to which the Faculty would hardly agree, is to permit lady students on precisely the same footing as men." Since the publication of the article just quoted from, the Medical Faculty has given (with one or two exceptions) expression to its views. Most of the professors would consent to lectures to ladies, but, for the present, at least, common lectures for both sexes are not to be thought of, and, as there is no provision for a female medical school, the applicants can only await the generosity of some wealthy friend to their cause, or find satisfaction elsewhere.

A couple of years ago Mr. Routledge, the publisher, seeing some inexact statements as to the popularity of poets of the early generations of the present century, settled the question, as far as his house was concerned, by giving the figures of his sales of poets in a single calendar year. Longfellow came first, with 6,000 copies; Scott, next, with 3,170; then Shakespeare, with 2,700; Byron followed, with 2,380; Moore's popularity was represented by 2,276, and that of Burns by 2,250. The next in order was a lady, Mrs. Hemans, whose poems reached a sale of 1,900 copies, thus overtopping the sale of Milton's works by 50. After the author of "Paradise Lost" there was a momentous fall, the authors' names, with the figures indicating the degree of favour which they maintained with the reading public, being as follows: Hood, 980; Cowper, 800; Shelley, 500; Keats, 40. Of course, Mr. Routledge's statement gives the estimation in which the poets mentioned

are held by only one set of purchasers and must not be taken as correct for the entire world of readers. As an approximate showing of their comparative popularity, it is, nevertheless, significant and, in some respects, surprising.

We have had a glimpse, just before going to press, of Professor Alexander's "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." It is, as such a book ought to be, simple and unpretentious, the author's single aim being to help his readers, as he once required to be helped himself, to the understanding of one of the greatest—some think the greatest—of modern poets. "Criticism," says Dr. Alexander, "does not precede but follows art; it is the artist that widens the sphere, and to the new facts which the artist forces upon him the critic slowly adjusts himself. When we approach a new and original artist, our rules do not apply, our prepossessions are shocked, we know not whether to admire or condemn." Again: "There is no poet of our time more original, be that originality good or bad, than Browning—no poet, therefore, in whom the disadvantages alluded to are more apparent." These disadvantages are unevenness, prolixity, a craze for experiments, and frequent offences against rules of art accepted by most authors and readers as of binding virtue. "There is no poetry," continues Prof. Alexander, "on which opinions are so much divided, none so at variance with preconceived ideas, none, therefore, which it is so difficult fairly to appreciate." In fact, Browning "needs an interpreter," and for the task of interpreter the Professor claims "merely the advantage of having closely and fully studied his author and of having made himself acquainted with criticisms on Browning widely scattered in magazines and collected essays." How the task has been discharged we shall consider in a future issue. Meanwhile, we can venture to say that students of this modern master will find Prof. Alexander's little book helpful in many ways.

We sincerely thank Mr. Douglas Sladen for his timely gift of his books—"Edward, the Black Prince," an epic drama; "In Cornwall and Across the Sea"; "Australian Lyrics"; "A Poetry of Exiles"; "The Spanish Armada," and "The Queen's Troth." We also thank him for his courtesy in granting us the privilege of seeing the beautiful series of illustrations of the legend on which this last poem is founded—photographs of Ekwall's glorious pictures. We would gladly share this pleasure with our readers and the *modus operandi* is under consideration, but we cannot speak definitely as yet. Arrangements have been made which would, in any case, postpone their appearance for a considerable time. Meanwhile, thanks for a rare pleasure. They are worthy of the poem; the poem is worthy of them. Mr. Sladen's works are for sale at Mr. E. Picken's, in this city.

Our readers cannot have forgotten "The Last Bison," one of Mr. Charles Mair's most vigorous and pathetic compositions. Like "Le Dernier Huron," of Garneau, the implied assertion in its title, while in one sense sadly true, is happily open to question as a matter of fact. The bison, as the monarch of prairie or wooded mountain slope, is a creature of the past—a victim to man's cruelty, caprice and greed. More than sixty years ago he had been driven to the happy hunting grounds from his haunts east of the Mississippi. For years longer he struggled against ruthless foes in the great expanse beyond, although thousands of his race were exterminated for their tongues alone. But when the snort of the iron steed was heard on the western plains, his fate was sealed. In three years after the initiation of the first transcontinental railway, 5,500,000 buffaloes were slaughtered for trade or sport, for robes or meat. Last year of the once swarming herds of the trans-Mississippi region only 1,100 were left to be taken by a careful census. Now, the efforts of science are directed to the repairing, if possible, to some slight extent, of the terrible damage inflicted on the species by reckless avarice. The domestication of the buffalo and cross-breeding with the finer varieties of the familiar cow have been tried

with considerable success, both in the United States and Canada. At Silver Heights, near Winnipeg, Sir Donald Smith has a small herd of buffalo-crosses, noted for beauty and docility. For other interesting information as to this movement we would refer to an article in the last *Popular Science Monthly*, from the pen of Mr. John W. Dafeo.

"Heavyside" was the subject of the paper read at the fifth meeting of the Society of Canadian Literature, on Monday evening last. Mr. G. H. Flint, of the *Witness*, the journal with which Heavyside was associated for years, was the essayist. A portrait of the author of "Saul," exhibited by Mrs. Reid, and some other memorials presented by Mr. Lighthall, added to the interest of the occasion. We hope to be able to give a synopsis of Mr. Flint's paper in our next number.

## THE LATE JULES XHROUET.

On the 20th inst., at 6 o'clock, Xhrouet, the clarionet player, died at his residence on St Catherine street. The immediate cause of death was erysipelas. The talented young musician accompanied Mr. Lavigne's band to Sorel, the week before last. On Monday of last week he returned to the city, and the following day the disease first manifested itself.

The development of the disease was very rapid and began to draw to the brain, resulting in death at 6 p.m. The last sacraments of the Church were administered in the morning to the dying man by Rev. Father Garneau, S. J. All that could be done to save M. Xhrouet, or to assuage his suffering, was done by Drs. Lachapelle, Hingston and Brosseau and attendants. The case was recognized as hopeless from an early stage.

The young man, whose death is considered by his brother artists as a distinct loss to the musical world, was only 23 years of age, and to mourn there remain a young mother and her baby. Jules Xhrouet was born at the Belgian Spa, and, like most of the great masters, his musical genius made itself apparent in childhood. When only 12 years old he gained the first prize at the conservatory of Liège, and for years he maintained the proud position of premier clarionettist, fulfilling, also, tutorial duties at the conservatory. His services as first clarionet were sought after by Gounod and many of the great composers of opera and oratorio; indeed, for one so young, his power was considered phenomenal by many.

Last summer Mr. E. Lavigne wrote to Mr. Jehin-Prume, who was in Europe, asking him to recommend a first-class clarionettist. Mr. Prume at once advised the engagement of Xhrouet. The engagement was made, a two years' contract being concluded, and last September Jules Xhrouet arrived in Montreal with his wife and baby. His success here was immediate and secure, and every succeeding concert he appeared in gained him increased encomiums from critic and amateur.

A concert will be given by the Gesu choir and others, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the needs of the young widow and her infant, and to enable them to return to Belgium. Mr. Xhrouet's father is living at Spa, Belgium, and was informed of his son's decease by cable sent by Mr. Lavigne. The young clarionettist's private character was irreproachable and such as to gain him the esteem and respect of all his musical brethren and others with whom he came in contact.

The funeral of Mr. Xhrouet took place on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd inst., and was largely attended. The pall-bearers were Messrs. F. Jehin-Prume, his brother, Erasme Prume, fellow countrymen of the deceased; Messrs. G. Moncel, G. Sincere, Bouthillier, Trudel and Charles Theroux, representing the Gesu orchestra and choir. The chief mourners were Rev. Father Garneau, leader of the Gesu choir, of which deceased was a member; Mr. L. J. Lajoie, Mr. Emery Lavigne and Mr. Guillaume Couture. Then followed the members of the Belgian colony, wearing cockades of the national colours, and several other gentlemen, members of the different church choirs, members of liberal professions, students of universities and other citizens. The 65th Battalion was largely represented, Col. Dugas having invited the officers and men to attend as a last mark of respect to a distinguished member of the Battalion band. At the church, the *levee du corps* was performed by Rev. Father Desjardins, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. That reverend gentleman also officiated at a solemn *Messe des Morts*, chanted by a powerful choir, recruited from the leading churches, under the leadership of Rev. Father Garneau.

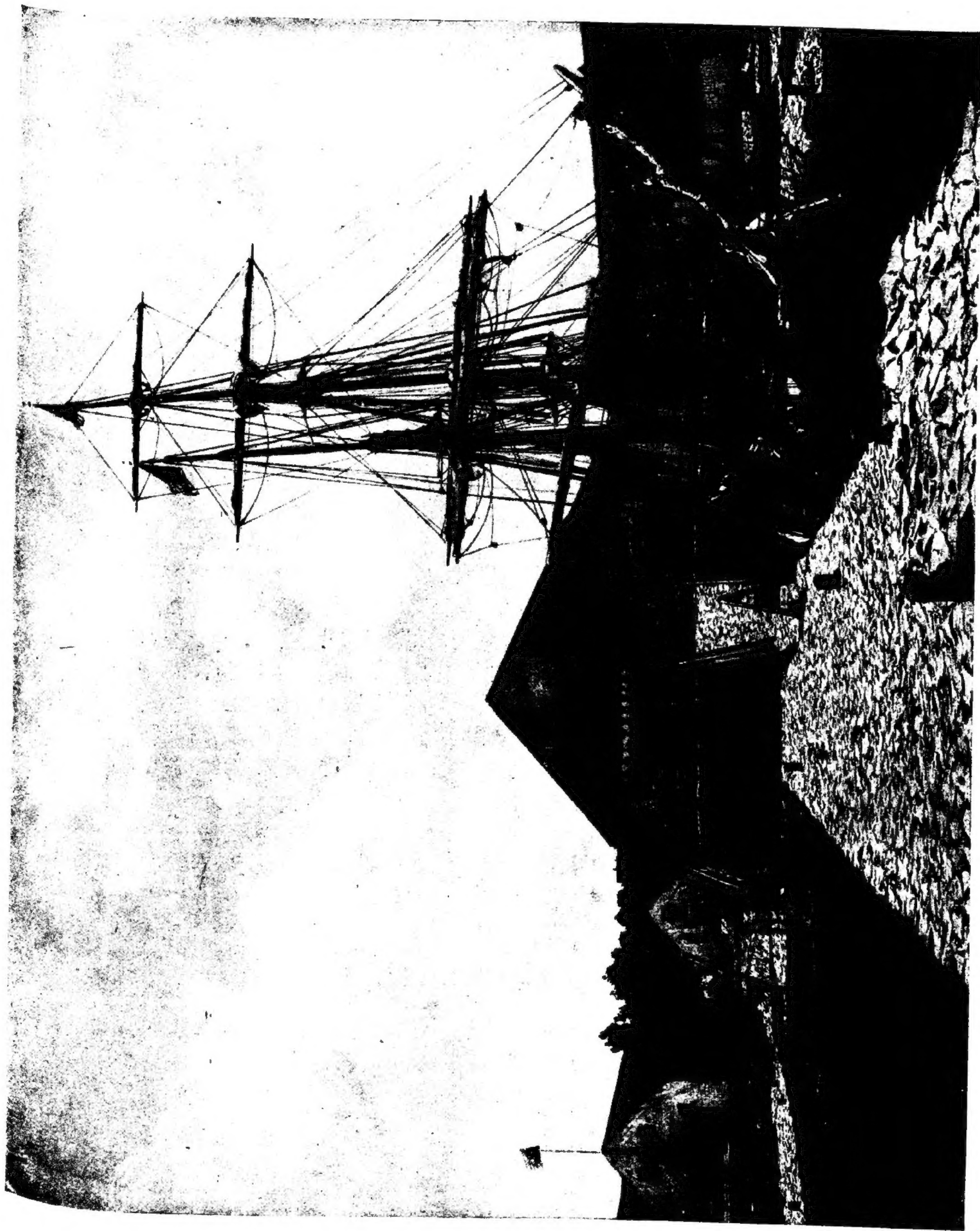
We see repeated praises in the press of Prof. Alexander's critique on the poetry of Robert Browning—praises which must arouse patriotic pride in Canadian hearts. The number of volumes of merit, both in prose and verse, by Canadian authors, has of late undergone welcome increase; but Prof. Alexander's book is in a field which has as yet been but slightly worked by Canadians. The mention of it and its topic at once recalls Mr. S. E. Dawson's study on "The Princess" of Tennyson, to which we had occasion to refer not long since.





INNUNDATIONS IN PARIS; APPEARANCE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AFTER THE RISING OF THE SEINE.

From *l'illustration*



LOADING FISH FOR MARKET.

HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Engraving kindly loaned by the *Evening Telegram* of St. John's Newfoundland.)





If you want to lighten your wife's labour, see that the inside of the house is frequently painted. A fresh coat of paint in a room will do more towards making it clean and tidy than all the scrubbing and cleaning that a woman's hands can give it.

**THE CYNIC.**—The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.—*H. W. Beecher.*

**THE NEED OF FAT FOODS.**—The idea that fat is necessarily unwholesome is a mischievous one. The proper nourishment of the body requires a certain proportion of fat. The only objection we urge against fats as food, is the manner in which they are taken. In the form of rich cakes, pastry, fried foods, melted fats, as used with salads, butter on hot bread or potatoes and the like, fats are difficult of digestion, and often interfere with the digestion of other foods. Animal fats are, at least in a free state, much less digestible than vegetable fats. Cooking renders most elements of the food more digestible; or, rather, cooking is a sort of partial digestion of most food elements. Fats, are, however, an exception to this rule. Cooking greatly increases the indigestibility of fats, which, at the best, are hard to digest in a free state. The most acceptable form in which fats can be introduced into the body is in cream, in grains like corn or oatmeal, in such nuts as almonds and chestnuts, and in the legumes, as peas, beans, and lentils.

**SUCCESSFUL GUESTS.**—Do we often enough stop to think what it means to be a successful guest? We hear any amount of talk about the charming hostess, but how much the guest may have to do with the success of an evening's entertainment, or in making a stay pleasant and easy for the hostess when visiting for some length of time seems never to be considered. We may either be such a charming addition to the household that we will be positively missed, and our return desired upon our departure, or we may be a source of martyrdom and anguish to our entertainers during a stay, which, however short, will seem almost endless to them, by never seeming pleased by any arrangement on the part of the host or hostess, or by insinuating that the society at home is more agreeable, and, when entertained, wearing a bold air; we have known persons, presuming to the title of lady, who have made their absence a thing to be desired, or put a damper on the spirits of a company, making the day of her departure the most welcome one to the poor, tired hostess. On the other hand, by assisting in the little household cares, requiring no constant round of entertainment, coming into a family as a member of it, one can be a blessing sometimes, and a never-failing welcome will be always ready for us should we choose to return. I have been at small gatherings where the guests absolutely refused to be entertained while the hostess, perhaps, was noted for her entertaining qualities. If each one will feel his or her obligations to the hostess and company, and, if only by being a good listener, and seeming pleased, if one possesses no particular talent one may contribute to the success of the evening's enjoyment and make it easy for the hostess. This may seem uncalled for, but unfortunately it is not, as many too commonly observe.

## AUSTRALIA.

### PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

#### PART II.

Unlike Canada, as at present constituted, Australia is divided into a number of separate colonies, each with its complete paraphernalia of government: a Governor appointed by the Imperial Executive, a Legislative Assembly, and, in some cases, a Legislative Council. The mother colony is New South Wales, and from her branched off South Australia in 1836, Victoria in 1851 and Queensland in 1859. Western Australia was settled directly from England, and is still partially a crown colony. New South Wales enjoys great facilities for trade and shipping, and the people have not been slow to use their many advantages. The chief exports of the country are wool and metals, wine and tobacco, while all the fruits of Europe are successfully grown, eighteen million dozen of oranges alone having been gathered in 1883. It is famous for its pastoral capabilities and its enormous wealth in sheep and horned cattle. Market-gardens, orchards and luxuriant flower-gardens abound on every side, while gold-fields are said to extend, with but short intervals, throughout the colony, their approximate extent being 70,000 square miles. During the 27 years ending 1883 there were received at the Sydney Mint for coinage upwards of 13,000,000 ounces of gold, valued at \$260,000,000.

The colony of Victoria—named, of course, after Her Majesty the Queen, was originally the Port Phillip district of New South Wales and was first settled in 1834, Melbourne being founded two years later. The year 1851 was not only the date of Victoria's separation from New South Wales and the commencement of her since unequalled career of prosperity, but was perhaps the most important epoch in the record of the material progress of Australia. At that date gold was discovered and adventurers flocked from all parts of the world to the new Eldorado. The price of every commodity was raised, and a tremendous impetus given to agriculture and trade as well as to mining. Victoria became widely known as a great producing country and people continued to be attracted to its shores long after the first excitement and gold fever had subsided. The construction of roads and railways was stimulated; a great expansion in shipping and maritime trade took place, while the entire colony progressed by leaps and bounds. The mineral wealth of Victoria is difficult to realize. Two-thirds of its area are said to be occupied by gold-bearing rocks, and the total value of the gold raised from 1851 to 1884 was \$1,060,000,000. The smallest in area of the Australian group, having only 87,000 square miles of territory, while New South Wales has 310,000 square miles, Victoria's progress has indeed been marvellous. Less than half a century ago it was a barren waste, its coast line washed by the waters of the Southern Ocean, unpeopled, unknown, and practically an undiscovered wilderness. Now it has become the richest and most progressive colony of the Southern Seas. Many now living have witnessed its development through all the stages of growth, up to the proud position which it holds to-day, as a country of advanced civilization, marked out by destiny to be the home of a great nation. South Australia occupies the central portion of the continent running north and south, having on the right hand New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria, and on the left hand Western Australia. The first settlement was made in 1836. The industries of the country are as yet in their infancy and its vast natural resources almost untouched. Its area is very large, being 900,000 square miles, or 29 times the size of Scotland. Although its progress has been slow as compared with that of other colonies, still it can be truly said to have achieved wonders, and the energy, patience and sagacity of its pioneers have had a substantial reward. Cities and towns have sprung up; harbours been constructed; 1,300 miles of railway put in operation, and thousands of miles of macadamized roads established. The continent has been spanned with the electric wire, orchards and vineyards planted, and millions of

sheep raised. Free institutions are in force, and prosperity upon the whole has blessed the labours of the settlers. The great staple mineral is copper, and to it South Australia is as much indebted as Victoria has been to its mines of gold.

Queensland was first settled by a batch of the most desperate criminals of New South Wales in 1824. The discovery, fortunately, of the fine pasturage of the Darling Downs in 1828 brought a better class of settlers to the infant colony. This district in the southern part of Queensland has been called the garden of the country, from the fertility of the soil and its suitability for agriculture. There are many other districts, however, containing millions of acres of equally good soil and enjoying a similar climate which have not as yet been in any way developed for lack of population. Gold was discovered in this part of the continent later than in the other colonies, but has proved as rich in quality as any, the value of the yield to 1883 being \$70,000,000. Coal exists in practically unlimited quantities and must become in the future a great export. Immigration has been freely encouraged in Queensland, £5,000,000 sterling having been spent in the last four years in giving free and assisted passages from the United Kingdom.

Western Australia is the largest of the continental colonies, having an area of nearly one million square miles. It was first settled by a detachment of convicts in 1829, and has made but slow progress, being in fact the Cinderella of the Australian family. Over its vast expanse of territory are scattered only 32,000 settlers. The best description of the position of this vast dependency will perhaps be found in the following words used by Sir Frederick Napier Broome, Governor of the colony, in a paper read some time ago before the Royal Colonial Institute: "I believe that Western Australia's day is at hand and that it will before long become a favourite resort of considerable numbers of our people who are crowded out at home, and who desire to strive for better fortunes in England-beyond-the-Sea. I believe that in the course of 20 or 30 years thousands of emigrants will land in that colony, earning their bread easily from the moment they set foot on its shores, a large proportion of them achieving an independent position in due time."

This brief review of the rise and progress of the Australian colonies in the past will, perhaps, prepare us for a consideration of their present position as a people, and will, I think, warrant them, in our mind, the use of their proud motto, "Advance, Australia!"

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Toronto, March 13.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Use newspapers to polish glassware.

Corned beef and tongue are the best meat for a hash.

It is best not to keep canaries in painted cages—they are apt to pick off and eat the paint.

Milk, sweet or sour, will sometimes work wonders in removing stains from coloured goods.

It is said that white silk lace can be cleaned by washing in benzine. It is best to do this work out-of-doors, away from fires and lights.

When cooking Saratoga potatoes prepare enough for two or three meals. They are just as nice at the second or third breakfast as at the first, provided they have been kept in a dry place.

**ORANGE MARMALADE.**—1 doz. sweet oranges, ½ doz. bitter oranges, 3 lemons. Cut the oranges in halves, take out the pulp and seeds, put the peels into a pan of water and boil till soft; change the water once. Take them out and remove the white part and cut the yellow rind into fine stripes. In the meanwhile put ½ to 1 pint of the water the peels were boiled in, in the mazing kettle with the sugar (1 lb. to 1 ½ lb.) over the fire till the syrup is formed, then put in the peel and boil 25 minutes. Equal to best Scotch marmalade.



## Music and the Stage.

Coquelin's appearance at the Toronto Opera House, last week, was greatly appreciated, and the papers abound with praise of the great French actor.

Miss Julia Marlowe, a charming young actress, with considerable talent, who is a native of Cincinnati, was very successful in Toronto, and made a hit at the Grand Opera House.

"The Boy Tramp," produced by the company of Augustin de Neuville and which has since come to Montreal, met with great success at the Hamilton Grand Opera House last week.

A Montreal gentleman has written a dramatic sketch for the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, to be produced by them at their entertainment for the benefit of the St. Margaret's Nursery debt.

An excellent programme is being prepared for the annual concert for the benefit of the Nazareth Institution for the Blind, which will take place at the Queen's Hall, on the 24th of next month.

Mr. Roberts, the well-known elocutionist, assisted by Mlle Adele Strauss, and Madame Auber-Lucas, gave two of his excellent recitals in the Association Hall, Toronto, on the 19th and 21st.

Mme Waters' concert, at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday of last week, was a great success, and the talented pupils of this most popular teacher very creditably acquitted themselves of the various parts allotted to them in the entertainment.

Young Mr. Gould emphatically denies that he has any intention of succeeding his father as organist of St. Andrew's Church, and the latter gentleman will preside at the instrument, with which he has so long and honourably been connected, till May 1st.

Mlle Tessier, the brilliant blind songstress, who will shortly commence her studies in the States, will have a benefit at the Queen's Hall, under especial patronage of Mme Albani on the first of April, in which several prominent American and Canadian artists will participate.

Quebec will have a first-class amateur dramatic entertainment, this month, at the Opera House, under the patronage of some well-known society leaders. Amongst others, a charming comedieta will be produced, which was written by Madame Dandurand, the clever wife of the popular Judge.

A very interesting recital was given on Wednesday evening at Pratte's Piano Rooms, by Miss Sym, the talented young pianiste who studied for several years in Europe under the best professors. She was ably assisted by Miss Boucher, violiniste, and Mr. Beique, the organist, lately from the Liepe Conservatory of Music.

A thing which has not occurred for years happened Monday of last week, the Theatre Royal being without an attraction. The "Main Line" company missed its connections, but when it did appear on Tuesday, the patrons of the popular place of amusement felt well repaid for their former loss. It is an interesting play, produced in good style, and is superseded this week by the "Boy Tramp."

The dramatized version of "She" has been delighting Toronto audiences last week, who seemed to find the play, which really consists of a series of tableaux, far more palatable and easier to comprehend than the novel of that name. "Queen's Evidence," one of the best plays which R. H. Jacobs has introduced to the Canadian public this season, has drawn crowded houses at the Opera, and was succeeded on St. Patrick's Day by "Beacon Lights."

The untimely end of Jules Xhrouet, has taken from the musical world a clarionetist of wonderful promise and a young talented man, who, during the short time he spent amongst us, had made a host of friends by his kind, unassuming personality. It is stated that a concert will shortly be given for the purpose of providing the necessary travelling expenses, to allow his young wife and child to return to their native land. All those that knew the young and unfortunate musician will certainly do their utmost to make it as great a financial success as possible.

St. Patrick's Day has shown the large amount of musical and dramatic talent possessed by the younger Irish element in Montreal; the entertainments of St. Ann's Young Men's Society and the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association having been especially successful. The latter organization possesses at least three capital male actors, and has made the public acquainted with two charming and clever lady amateurs, Miss Lynam and Miss Foley, hitherto unknown. The first named, it is understood, intends to relinquish her rather short career on the amateur stage, and the latter, with a little less self-consciousness and a little more careful use of her voice, would be a credit to many a professional company.

Credit must be given to Mr. Thomas, of the Academy of Music, for bringing to the city, this season, some of the best attractions that grace the boards of American theatres, and "Hermione" is one of them. It is a good play, with just enough of the now-so-prevalent military flavour, to please the average modern audience, and presented by a company

that must have been carefully selected by the two stars, whose reputations, both here and in England, has long since been made. Its popularity was proven by the large audiences which nightly attended its production, and the illuminated drop curtain was not only a great novelty, but a pleasing improvement on the old method of entertaining audiences between the acts.

CARLOS.

## CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In an alley running off Cormorant street, above Government street, Victoria, B.C., is located the Chinese Theatre, in which young Mongolian swells, for an admission fee of 25 cents, while away their evenings. The buildings is large and comprises a pit and gallery for seating purposes. The stage is of the regulation Chinese sort—a simple platform without flies or scenery or drop curtain, hung with Chinese decorations. Dimly lighted with gas, a fair view of the stage and dusky Thespian is to be had through clouds of cigarette smoke. The orchestra seated on the stage behind the performers, comprises the sam yin, tom tom and the plain, common, barnyard gong. With these the orchestra is able to delineate in sound anything from a battle royal of Kilkenny cats to a runaway fire engine or boiler explosion. The fiercest criticism is invited from the press by the leader, who is partial to gong music and is said to be an admirer of Wagner. The play at present being produced is something of a comic opera. It deals with the love of a young couple. A matron figures in it; so does another woman's husband. It is of the spicy order and would do credit to Sardou. The leading lady is a Celestial gem, and her feet, the crown of the charm of a Chinese lady, are fit for an infant's shoes. Altogether there are six performers, three of each sex. The heavy villain is also said to be a juggler who can balance a barrel on his nose or make a guinea pig disappear in his hat. Every move of the performers is graceful, and, in delicate love scenes, the poetry of motion. Each performance is one indivisible chunk devoid of intermission, and if any one in the audience wishes to go out and "see a man" he will have to depend on the good nature of his neighbour to tell him when he gets back what has occurred in the interim. The play ends at midnight, and as there is a large clock over the stage the audience can see that it is not cheated out of a minute. The best of order prevails and the plot of the comedy is talked of in opium dens and hotly discussed over smoking rice and wine—"of-a-thousand-flowers."

## SPORTING NEWS.

Mr. W. H. Cottingham, agent for several Ontario canoe builders, has offered the Montreal Canoe Club a No. 5 English canoe, to be competed for on 24th May next, in a green race, by members of this club who are not canoe owners.

Darby, the champion jumper of England, is coming to America. On his arrival he will meet any man in the world in a contest at one single jump, two hops and one jump, a hop, step and jump, or three single jumps, for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side.

The competition by points for the Thistle Curling Club's medal, took place on Saturday, 16th inst., and Rev. James Barclay will hold the coveted trophy for the next twelve months. He won the competition with a score of 19 points, Geo. W. Cameron being second with 18.

There is a plan on foot to introduce fox-hunting in Michigan. While the New Yorkers are beginning the anise bag, the Michigan sportsman will be chasing the real fox. It will be real. The island of Mackinac is to be turned from time to time into a great hunting ground, and a fine string of horses will be kept there for hunting purposes.

The time made by Gordon in the recent five-mile skating race in Montreal was doubted by the *Mail's* correspondent. By way of finding out how correct the correspondent's views are, Gordon says he is willing to undertake to beat the time recorded, then (17.41½), if the *Mail* or its Montreal representative will put a medal up for that purpose.

T. and J. Spencer, of Sydney, Searle's backers, say in a letter to a London friend: "Beach is completely done now, and it is wonderful how he beat Hanlan. We offered to back Matterson against him for £500 or £1,000 a side, but they would not accept. Searle is the best sculler we have ever seen. He is almost certain before long to pay you a visit, when you will be able to judge for yourself on the Thames."

## Humorous.

Some of the most penurious men in Albany came down handsomely Sunday and Monday on the icy pavements.

The man who hums softly to himself while he is at work may show that he has a cheerful disposition, but he is not a comfort to his neighbours.

Dyspeptic Traveller (surveying the menu card): "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!" Waiter (promptly): "Pigeon pot-pie for one."

A recent visitor says the King of Samoa wears scarcely anything but chin whiskers and a string of beads. We believe, however, he also wears a look of apprehension, just now.

A Man of Resources.—Tommy Traddles (threateningly): "I'll tell my father on you. Willie Waffles: What do I care for your father? He can't hurt me. Tommy Traddles: Can't he? Can't he? My father is a doctor."

His voice had such go in it.—Mabel (sotto voce): "What do you think of his voice, dear?" Mary: "Oh, it's just what we wanted. The very thing to make our party go." (Which the party immediately did.)

Mrs. Muddlemeanings thought at one time of putting herself forward as a county council candidate, and "placing her talons at the service of her county." She thought better of it, however, and, doubtless, her county will agree with her.

His intentions were good.—"Your husband is dead, I believe, Mrs. Jimson?" "Yes; poor man, he perished of cold on the prairie, last winter." "Sad, very sad, Mrs. Jimson; but you have the sweet consolation of knowing that he is now where cold is never known."

A correspondent who read that "that that that that that" that was printed in an exchange recently, says he can go the author of it one better in the following sentence:—The teacher said that that that that that that that was left out preceded should have been left out as well.

They were standing in the Providence depot as the cars moved slowly out, when a distracted man rushed through the station, fell over his valise, and unloaded considerable profanity into space. "Who is that man who is swearing so?" asked Spicer's friend, and the other responded "He's Mr. Train."

Beats the Nickel in the Slot Machine: Tourist (to stage driver in the Yellowstone region): Are there any wonderful curiosities to be seen in this region, driver? Driver: Wonderful curiosities? Well, I should say there were! Why, you drop a rock down that gorge, come back in three days and you can hear the echo.

For the present season's mildness  
And its genial lack of wildness  
We will have to pay when comes the summer's dawn,  
For the iceman's lofty prices  
Will be apt to cause a crisis

In our home affairs as sure as we are born.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Overheard in the Billiard-room at the Grand.—Dude: "Yes, I think I can say, without any fear of contumacious, that my sistaw is the most beautiful girl in Bwington. She takes after my mother, you know, who was quite a beauty in her time." Stranger (examining dude very attentively): "Dear me! Then I presume you take after your father."

An unsuccessful eavesdropper.—First boy: I hid under the sofa the other evening to listen to what young Smith would say to my sister. Second boy: What did he say? First boy: He only talked about religion and kicked me about twenty times on the head. Second boy: He knew you were there, I guess. First boy: I'm afraid he suspected it.

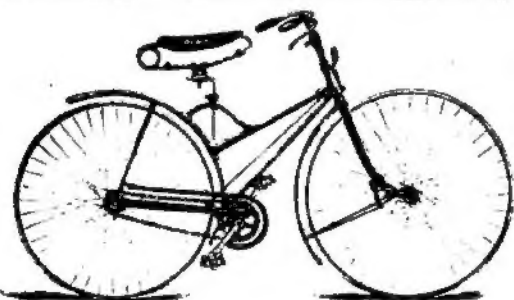
You remember Kanapolis! That town which had its picture printed in so many Eastern papers two years ago? It was to be the capital of the United States, of Kansas, and the "federation of the world" when the poet's prophecy should have been fulfilled. It was in the exact centre of its encircling horizon and destined to be in a few years the commercial centre of the west. Well, Kanapolis is going to bore for salt.

Dr. Mary Walker is masculine in her garb, but she cannot stand tobacco smoke. She went up to the Capitol in Washington a few days ago to attend a meeting of the House Committee on District of Columbia affairs. When she entered the room the air was blue with the incense of cigars. Mary was incensed at once, and, covering her nose with her hands, rushed from the apartment. She has tried very conscientiously to like the odor of tobacco, but while her spirit is willing her flesh is weak.

### A SAVORY DISH.

Talk o' turkey, breast so white,  
Goose baked brown an' served up rite;  
Smokehouse ham, an' likes o' that,  
Streak o' lean an' streak o' fat;  
Juicy backbone, steak on toas',  
Mutton chops—which sum' likes mos'—  
Sakes? they ain't a simmon blossom  
To a good old Georgy possum!





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P.S.—Closes up like an  
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